

*Gell - D. Blone*

P O E M S

*1490. cc. 32*

*Dedication copy*

FOR THE

VASE AT BATH EASTON, &c. &c.

DEDICATED WITH PROFOUND RESPECT TO

MRS. GELL OF HOPTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

*New, 1798, Mr. Blone of Benwick Hall Hert.*

BY A DERBYSHIRE HIGHLANDER;

*E. B. Haughey*

Ut dignus veniam hederis & imagine macra.

Juv.

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L O N D O N :

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FOR THE

WAS AT BATH EASTON, 23

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Wirksworth, 1781.

MR. ROOME,

I Have received your letter, in which you ask my leave to publish a few poetical compositions, which have accidentally come into your possession. I am under too many obligations to you, Mr. Roome, to think of refusing your solicitations upon a subject of so little importance; and, as you say, that you are in expectation of some emolument from this same publication, I do assure you, with the greatest pleasure; that you are most extremely welcome to them, only lamenting, that they are of too little consequence to answer your expectations; and I do most freely consign them to your disposal, either as a substratum for apple pies, or for a sacrifice to Sterquilinus, or Cloacina, or to send to the printer for publication, as you please.

But certainly, Mr. Roome, you only flatter me, and impose upon yourself, when you mention the word emolument.

lument. Surely, at such an hour as this, when poverty is the greatest of all our moral evils, people will never think of wasting their money in the purchase of so poor a commodity as poetry, more especially, such as follows this address. I blush exceedingly at the very thought of your ushering into a world, that has now acquired the most correct and just taste for every thing that is elegant in the Arts and Sciences, a parcel of my rhimes, which are very much below mediocrity: and though I have no character as a poet to lose, nor much of any other kind to be sullied, yet I begin to feel myself in a state of perturbation! I begin to perspire very copiously, when I only reflect, how poor and inconsiderable a figure I must make at the tribunal of criticism; when I appear there to receive sentence of the poets figurative damnation, for having authorized you to publish such a farrago, in an age so refined and polished as the age we live in. How ridiculous I shall feel to myself, when I see my poor half starved, half naked muse, dragged to the literary house of correction, there to be chastised till her insolence and crimes against mankind are purged and done away. But few reflections can arise, Mr. Roome, out of such a subject, that can afford me the least consolation for the pain I must feel in consequence of such a publication.

You



You may endeavour, by introducing some far-fetched arguments, to make some apologies for our undertaking; you may quote Montaigne, where he says in his *Essays*, “ That there were more poets than judges of poetry, and “ that it was much more easy to write an indifferent poem, “ than to understand a good one ;”—or you may say to me in Horace’s words;

“ Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex.”

All this may be good reasoning, such kind of postulata may be just and true. There may be a great many fools left in the world, even in an age refined as I have supposed the present, I must confess; but if there be fools, there are likewise those of opposite characters. There are Reviewers, there are Critics, and there are gentlemen of taste, who will not be so soon deluded as to take smoke for fire.

See then, Sir, upon how frightful a precipice I stand. But why should I expose myself to the censure of all the world? Why should I offend the age delicate and irritable as it is in its present state? I think the following interrogatories from Horace are very proper to be put to me in our present circumstances.—

*Idcircone vager scribamque libenter?*

Surely

Surely I am culpable for my attempt.—However, Mr. Roome, if you determine upon the publication, I must resign myself, and my poor flights of fancy to your discretion; just in the state they came into the world, uncorrected both as to sense and punctuation, and may the God of Poetry, and poor lean poets, send them a good and happy deliverance!—I rather think Mr. Roome, you will say, to be truly methodical, we should have a dedication to the lady that does us the honour to lend her name.—But this would be affectation intolerable! I think it is assurance enough even to solicit the lady to be a sponsor to such illegitimate poetry as ours, without extending our familiarity to lengths, still more unwarrantable! Besides, that species of fulsome adulation, has not the relish in these days that it had in days of old; and if our poor attempts to please the ears of our worthy patroness, should insult her understanding, we shall appear to be as contemptible to ourselves, as we shall to the rest of mankind. Therefore, I beg, Mr. Roome, you would only believe that

I am,

Your obliged humble servant,

E. B. L.

V E R S E S



# VERSES upon SPLEEN:

WRITTEN FOR THE

VASE at LADY MILLER's, at BATH EASTON.

WRITTEN IN 1776, OR 1777.

**A**TTEND my Muse—I've had a note from Bath;  
Spleen is the theme, they've publish'd it in Gath.  
Strange sure it is! that Bath, for love the scene,  
Should all at once become the Cave of Spleen!  
More strange! that Miller's once so blithsome dome,  
Should now be rented by some fullen Gnome!  
What tricks are play'd, now forgery's the game\*,  
Sure Pope's black Umbriel forges Miller's name;

\* These Verses were written about the time of Dr. Dodd's forgery.

Or General Lee is come to Bath I ween \*,  
 And greeting sends the Vase—the subject Spleen.  
 Howe'er this be, O homely Muse relate!  
 What direful ills the splenetick await.  
 Develope Spleen, say what its parents are,  
 Describe the fools that fall into his snare:  
 Be quick Melpomene, time's scarce our own,  
 You heard the theme—the post is leaving town.  
 Spleen then, rejoins my Muse, I'll write about,  
 Spleen is the eldest daughter of the Gout;  
 To him Hyfterics this strange bantling bore,  
 And Dropfy wet-nurse was in days of yore;  
 Gripes were dry-nurses, Chilblains matrons were,  
 And Itch and Scurvy fed the little dear:  
 To call papa, pale Night-mare taught him soon;  
 To say mamma, Cramp bribed him with a boon:  
 Care of its speaking moon-struck Phrensy took,  
 And Hypochondria taught the child its book.

\* General Lee was taken prisoner about the same time.



Of its religion Megrims had the care,  
 And the blue Devils took the moral share :  
 Each tutor blam'd the etiquette of France,  
 So good Saint Vitus taught the boy to dance.  
 In music, Ague learnt him how to shake,  
 And Tooth-ach taught him rests and beats to make ;  
 Him torpid Head-ach taught his moods and tense,  
 And Spasms learnt him attitudes to fence.  
 Thus well accomplish'd, now he goes at large,  
 And all his tutors straight give up their charge ;  
 Now wide o'er worlds, like Milton's De'il he flew,  
 And like Pandora plagues mankind anew.  
 If to the Lawyer in the night he steal—  
 The harpy dreams of Grenville's acts repeal :  
 When after meals the Parson takes his nod,  
 Spleen then presents the De'il and Doctor Dodd :  
 If cross the valiant Captain's nose Spleen creep,  
 He swears, and takes the Congress in his sleep ;  
 Starting ! he finds he never crossed the main,  
 So damns his body, and then sleeps again.

In slumbers next he frights the Jew of pelf,  
 Then Shylock dreams that Charles has shot himself;  
 Then starts and fumes, then dreams and starts again,  
 And damns Annuitants, the motley train.  
 Next, in light vision round the Poet's head  
 He floats, and whispers, " Sir, your lines were read ;  
 " Impartial Miller tells me they were damn'd,  
 " Nor worse within the Vase were ever cramm'd."  
 Next in view hollows, thro' the night, Spleen goes,  
 And then dream Foxhunters of frosts and snows :  
 Next night he perches on a modern bed,  
 And sings, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, thy wife is fled ;  
 Last night she lost more cash than she could pay,  
 To-night she makes it up—another way.  
 Then honest Benedict, thy best resource  
 Is, get up straight, and sue for a divorce :  
 Hie to the Commons—Fashion paves the road,  
 The great world bids Adultery be mode.  
 Now see Spleen perch'd behind a Doctor's wig,  
 Calling out, Doctor! Doctor! you're a Prig!

Your



Your trade's a farce, each day's experience shews,  
 Naught's known of med'cine, save what Myersbach knows\*.  
 Now to the toilette of some miss Spleen's flown,  
 Miss dreams of letters long, and news unknown;  
 Of fops and captains, fools and fashions new,  
 Secrets from town, and anecdotes untrue:  
 Kicks in her sleep, then cries, upon my word  
 Somebody's married here, and I ne'er heard.  
 She nods again, then starts! and cries, dismay'd!  
 Fourteen next May, and ne'er an offer made!  
 Why was I born? Are these your Beaux d'Esprit,  
 Things! fond of nothing but themselves and tea:  
 They wear black collars with no bad pretence†,  
 Who mourn the loss of manliness and sense.  
 Then, Ladies, all abjure the nuptial trade,  
 Let men woo tea, and long for lemonade!

\* Myersbach was a Quack Doctor in vogue some few years ago.

† Alludes to a fashion at this time for the Beaux to wear black collars to any coloured cloaths.

S K E T C H E S  
M O D E R N M A N N E R S,

INTENDED FOR THE

VASE at BATH EASTON, in FEBRUARY 1778.

— — — Quis iniquæ  
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat fe.

Juv.

**T**O crayon out the morals of the times,  
And men arrange as poets range their rhimes;  
To lead the layman and the clerk in strings,  
And paint the histories of peers and kings;  
To watch the toilette of the ill-prankt fair,  
And ask her why she struts in borrow'd hair?  
Why raise her head so high by plastic art?  
That Pelion shrinks, and Ossa seems a wart.

Why



Why change her sex? and why her sex demean?  
 By making cloaths and wigs quite epicene.  
 Why she like men emphatically swears\*?  
 Till modern fribbles stop their powder'd ears.  
 Why from her face sweet modesty sets fail?  
 To anchor near the ruddy milk-maid's pail:  
 Or to pervade the regions of the ton,  
 Down from the lordling to his footman John;  
 Down from the countess to her maid—that curse!  
 She calls her woman—lest you call her worse.  
 Down from the travell'd 'squire, who keeps an elf  
 In languages, unknowing as himself;  
 Hir'd but to teaze him, and his head to tweak,  
 As if like Bacon's it were made to speak;  
 Just, O ye Gods! as if the conscious beau,  
 Own'd his thick head created but for shew;  
 And that Dame Nature kindly fix'd it on,  
 Only to dress, and scent his hair upon;

\* Just before the publication of this Poem, the ladies of the ton began to dress in a masculine manner, and to swear exceedingly.

Or but to give some misses' roving eye,  
 A predilection for the empty toy:  
 Fain would I try—Ansty, could I like thee  
 Roast all mankind for their absurdity!—  
 Oh had I skill these theses to dilate,  
 And give to modern fools a perfect trait!  
 Could I each group in motley vesture wrap,  
 Or colour'd precincts as a colour'd map,  
 Then should each thought in fervid satyr glow,  
 And folly ebb as fast as ink could flow;  
 In softer tints to blush at women's fate,  
 As that of angels fall'n, and reprobate!  
 Whilst discontent, divorce, and shame should prove  
 Fiducial merit fled, and truth and love!—  
 In martial courts to blush to hear of crimes,  
 That spring from nothing but distemper'd times\*.—  
 Tho' hard my task, each blandishment I'll use  
 To wake my Genius, and to bribe my Muse.—

\* These verses were written about the time of Admiral Keppel's trial.



"Tis Sunday night—my lady now, I ween,  
Stern foe to decalogues, has got the spleen—

She rings—she calls—she rings—and calls. "Who's there?

"Thomas, be quick, and order up my chair;

"Or let my chariot instantly come out,

"And bid John drive to Lady Rackett's rout:—

"Life, without cards, is a chaotic place,

"Pips shine as planets, as the moon an ace!

"On Sunday nights for cards—dear cards I roam,

"Nay go to Madden's ere I'd stay at home.

(Thrice happy we, and blest with sure rewards,

Could but religion entertain like cards;

Then might those books of morals deal the text,

And we might taste of this world and the next!)

Or perhaps my lady, struggling to be free,

Drives thro' the town for dear variety;

Proves her vile lord incorrigible grown,

So aims at any husband but her own;

"Then boldly bids Aristenetus shew,

"That ladies lov'd a thousand years ago:"\*

\* Aristenetus, a Greek, who wrote upon love and gallantry.

Or adage old will quote, more plain to prove,  
 That cuckolds all from earth to heav'n remove.  
 But hark! the knocker strikes, the fullen sound  
 Flings echo's all the dædal hall around!  
 Her lord appears—my lady calls her chair  
 (Ah! little did she wish to meet him there)  
 Away she flies—she leaves—in what a pet!  
 Heedless he calls for cards—he makes a bet—  
 “Ten pounds my game,” my rubber ten times ten!  
 Sir Blacklegs wins, and challenges again—  
 Again they lay—again bad luck decrees,  
 My lord shall lose in cards up to his knees.  
 Cursing his fate, the cards are thrown aside—  
 He drives to White's—there box and dice are tried.—  
 Here soon, too soon, by adverse fate pursu'd,  
 His all is lost—now see the duns intrude!  
 And each with fi'ri facias in his hand\*,  
 Spreads desolation o'er th'affrighted band

\* Fieri facias is a writ of execution.



Of ruin'd footmen, cooks, and maids unpaid,  
 And o'er whole troops of creditors in trade ;  
 All are turn'd out ! all sneak as drowning mice,  
 Or our first parents driv'n from Paradise.  
 Of wages robb'd, of characters bereft,  
 The servants leave, the liveries are left ;  
 Clad then in these, and at the sideboard set,  
 See duns and tipstaffs wait en epaulette\*.  
 My lord desponds—each avenue he tries,  
 But money now ne'er drops from azure skies !  
 To find the yellow bags, he may as well  
 Go search the meads of yellow asphodell,  
 As ask in cities, where the Jews decry  
 The limping duck that lacks security !  
 Deserted thus—no money to advance—  
 My lord and lady now are gone to France.—  
 To dissipation there their hours they give,  
 Thoughtless and poor as those with whom they live !

\* The story of duns dressed in a nobleman's liveries is generally known.

Or should they think freethinking is their plan,  
 And die as bankrupts both to God and man.  
 Permit me here, O Miller! to digress,  
 And mourn awhile o'er folly and distress!

——this modern world is, as of cards, a game  
 Where frauds and pleasures subdivide our aim;  
 We shuffle, cut, and deal, till honours jump,  
 Cut how we please, a knave is often trump.  
 Brag is a common game—the foldier swears,  
 No gun, sword, scalp, or tomohawk he fears;  
 He swells and brags, because he wears a sword,  
 And calls you out should you misplace a word:  
 But still for murder Mars will ne'er be curst,  
 He will not fight—because he never durst.  
 Ladies love cards, and play for fashion's sake,  
 Too much they lose—if virtue is the stake!  
 Devoid of taste, skill, courage, or delight,  
 Our men will fox-hunt, play, intrigue, and fight  
 For fashion's sake—for fashion leads the way,  
 And, were it ton, we all should fast and pray.



Life is a game at loo, where statesmen deal,  
 And kings are loo'd, and loo'd the commonweal;  
 Or at all fours, where subjects are the pack,  
 And scepter'd kings each represent the Jack.—  
 But soft! who's this? so debonnair and spruce!  
 Of curls, pomade, and powder quite profuse!  
 Who games, and drinks, and swears without remorse,  
 And mounts his pulpit as he mounts his horse.—  
 'Tis Pantaloon, the curate of the place,  
 Whose flocks now wander, destitute of grace;  
 When they, he heard, who made them did not know,  
 He would not, swore he would not, tell them who! \*  
 Whilst I this sad declension of the age  
 In sorrow mourn, I mourn the sinking stage!  
 The rising tears suffuse mine aching eyes,  
 The stage too sickens as its Roscius dies—  
 Yes, Garrick dies! he leaves the doleful town †,  
 Fate rang the stage bell, and the scene dropt down!

\* Alluding to a well-known story of a clergyman in Yorkshire.

† Mr. Garrick, at the time this was wrote, was just at the point of death, or dead.

So may his acting here his merits raise,  
 That he hereafter share eternal praise.—  
 From these short sketches may the task be mine,  
 May I this one corollary subjoin;  
 That men the rules of sober reason brave,  
 And trifle from their cradles to the grave!  
 We grant to man ideal stores——immense!  
 And know he boasts monopoly of sense;  
 That reason stands the centre of his bliss,  
 Commending that, and then forbidding this;  
 Yet human passions, ever prone to veer,  
 Move with such strange centrifugal career,  
 That simple instinct forms a better plan,  
 And shews her brute superior to the man.

Oh! would mankind the savoir vivre try,  
 And keep the line of chaste propriety!  
 Would they the small remains of reason glean,  
 And with precision try the golden mean;  
 Would they woo virtue, and observe her laws,  
 And learn to live with honour and applause!



Would they the foppery of modes controul,  
 And spurn at crimes that bastardize the foul,  
 Let them come here, and Miller's rules apply  
 Of conduct, Miller keeps the best academy;  
 Whilst she, with taste, the proper plan will give,  
 We learn to profit as we learn to live.

VERSES

V E R S E S  
O N  
S P E C U L A T I O N,

INTENDED FOR THE

VASE at BATH EASTON VILLA, in 1779.

A N E P I G R A M.

**W**HILST o'er the town my genius flies, and gleans,  
And fifts, and asks what Speculation means,  
I fit me down, and invoke my Muse  
To deck my mind with thoughts of various hues;  
I feize my pen, I lay it down again,  
My brain I tewtaw, and I tew in vain!  
I bite my lips and nails in fullen gloom,  
And in a passion walk about my room!

I strike



I strike my skull, which scarce emits a gleam,  
 To find the road that indicates my theme!  
 I, puzzling thus, each quaint idea poize,  
 And scold the child because he makes a noise——  
 At last I guess by this preambuling trait,  
 What 'tis to think, and what to speculate!  
 Just so the man, who studied to compose,  
 And paint the foam beneath an horse's nose:  
 For want of skill enrag'd his brush he threw,  
 And caus'd a foam as natural as true.——  
 Hail Speculation! hail thou theme sublime,  
 Thou best of parents to the sons of rhyme!  
 Descend to earth, and visit my poor cell,  
 Where slow-paced hebetude and dulness dwell;  
 Bid temperate wit and solid judgment deign,  
 And fancy join to swell thy motley train:  
 Attended thus, O teach me how to sing,  
 To please this elegant, this graceful ring!  
 Teach me the art of meriting applause,  
 Teach me to pay due honours to the Vase\*!

\* These lines allude to the custom at Lady Miller's, of drawing the verses indiscriminately out of the Vase, and reading them to a polite circle.

O! make my verse with suavity replete,  
 Like Miller accurate, like Miller neat!——  
 Without THY aid, my intellectual pow'rs  
 Shrink like the floweret when the evening low'rs:——  
 Without thine aid, perception purblind rests,  
 And sleeps unmindful of the soul's behests;  
 The torpid soul, unconscious of its rank,  
 Sleeps like a shepherd on a daisied bank!  
 Quicken'd by thee, the philosophic eye,  
 Explores with awe remote eternity!  
 The sage astronomer, 'tis thine to steer  
 " Beyond the visible diurnal sphere ;"  
 Thy boundless pow'r his telescope foreruns,  
 And penetrates the blaze of countless suns!  
 But hold my Muse—things less abstruse O try!  
 Nor elevate my verse, nor soar too high;——  
 Let us more humble, earthly systems scan,  
 And Speculation trace from man to man.——

To shew how much my theme the world pervades,  
 Start with those worst of things, the lady's maids.——



And say, my Muse, nor at their projects wink,  
How far they speculate, how far they think.

No sooner Molly gains her second place;  
(For note, her first she left in sad disgrace,  
Because she stole her lady's Brussels lace:

To add to this, Tom Footman did disclose,  
She wore her lady's shifts, and shoes, and hose;)  
But Speculation leads her to the root,

And gets the measure of her lady's foot:

This now obtain'd, her easy heart she wins,

And then Moll's artful, tell-tale reign begins!

The coachman John falls in her first essay,

And he, for heav'n knows what, is turn'd away.

Next night as she her ladyship unpins,

She frames a thousand vile domestic sins;

Falls on the butler, cook, and housemaids, fouse!

And makes my lady execrate her house.

By Speculation see this jade contrive,

To start a favourite, and by thinking thrive:—

She who, of late, was flaving with her broom,

Now reigns the lady of the steward's room.—

For what do old maids speculate? For what?  
 A dish of tea, of scandal, and of chat,  
 A stinking lap-dog, or a tabby cat.—  
 For what do bachelors with others vie?  
 To manage brats and wives by theory.  
 For Speculation how do fops contrive?  
 How do they keep their vanity alive?  
 Fops live in dust, they ogle in their glafs,  
 And thus their poor, sad, dull, vile moments pass!  
 At that false speculum, O may they stay!  
 'Till human attitude is done away;  
 There may they spend their farinaceous hours,  
 'Till, like Narcissus, they are chang'd to flowers.—

But hark! who's this? a captain out of breath,  
 Raving of battle! murder! sudden death!  
 Regardless he, who drops, or who expires,  
 So he, with hasty steps, good rank acquires.  
 If in the field his senior captain dies,  
 He hopes to heaven he shall shortly rise;  
 Beyond the Atlantic should his major drop,  
 That he perhaps may clamber tow'nds the top:—

All



All this but proves, his Speculation tends  
To find the means t'accomplish certain ends;  
Proves that his wishes gravitate to'ards pelf,  
That no one loves his neighbour as himself.—

Pause here, good Muse—in order next prepare,  
In tuneful notes, or terms concise and clear,  
Further to trace that jest, the human mind,  
And analyze the leaders of mankind!

First in the great and upper spheres in life,  
Where art seems good, and Speculation rife,  
Those sweet, imbecil souls, the ladies trace,  
For ever, Clio, give the ladies place!

Mark then the wool-crown'd, staple miss advance!—  
Observe her languid air, and side-long glance,  
As on she moves to join in mazy dance! }  
The Queen of Love instructs her how to tread,  
And sporting Cupids hover round her head;  
Romeo's, like wasps, about her fragrance throng,  
To taste the charming music of her tongue!  
Her favourite beau entreats in accents bland,  
And by his sugar'd dictions wins her hand!

The

The rebec founds the minuet's flow note,  
 The vocal tones in undulation float!  
 Pensive and calm along the room they glide,  
 Step answers step, and stride resembles stride.—  
 A pause succeeds—the curt'sies to her man,  
 And looks as much an angel as she can!  
 Then with what sweet protervity she smiles,—  
 And feigns a softness which her swain beguiles:  
 So down they sit, in converse deep they join,  
 And Strephon's heart she studies to purloin;  
 Whilst her own charms she labours to enhance,  
 She gives her beau a comment on the dance.—  
 “ The \* minuet, or ballette, cries the miss,  
 “ Seems but a mere dramatic mimesis;  
 “ Exhibits those emotions of the heart,  
 “ Which lovers feel when quarrelling they part:  
 “ 'Tis but a sentiment, in which is prov'd  
 “ How hard it is to quit—whom we have lov'd !”

\* Vide Baron Bielfield's Thoughts upon the minuet.

A thought



A thought so good, th' enamour'd Strephon warms,  
 And straight he clasp'd the fair-one in his arms!  
 Let me, cried he, thy gentle hand detain,  
 We'll live and love, and never part again!

Here let us ask, for what did Clara dance?  
 Why heave a sigh? why shoot the side-long glance?  
 Why thus converse? 'twas Speculation all,  
 'Tis that which brings each female to the ball;  
 'Tis that which learns the miss the way to please,  
 In hopes to get a spouse with greater ease.—

But look! the rector comes with turgid gait,  
 Around him rich pluralities await!  
 Of predial tythes he never leaves a straw,  
 He clean collects them, or appeals to law;  
 Vows that from future worlds comes all our bliss—  
 Yet still he seeks some happiness in this:  
 Spite of his cant, his Speculations prove  
 His heart fix'd here—his thoughts on THINGS above.—

Make way—the lawyer comes with formal face!  
 Screw'd up and wrinkled like his knotted case;

With

With tainted bag, that holds volcanic flame  
 To burn our happiness, and raise our flame;  
 To fright mankind, and aggravate their fears,  
 And set the world together by the ears:  
 Full on his head, his patch as black as sin,  
 Shews the dark grumous state his brain is in;  
 Or perhaps denotes, his pleading by command,  
 That there the devil lays his ebon hand!  
 This harpy's plan is only to embroil,  
 And nurture strife, and speculate for spoil;  
 To make the foibles of mankind his tools,  
 And feast upon the carcases of fools!——

Bless me! what liver-colour'd thing is he,  
 That to the lawyer bends the supple knee?—  
 Or at his elbow, like a dæmon, plods,  
 And gives the poison as the pleader nods:  
 Who to swell fees and garble makes his aim,  
 Or beat the bush, and start the lawyer game?  
 Some, this foul fiend the fly attorney call;  
 Others, the savage counsellor's jackall:

This



This ruthless wretch but speculates for pelf,  
 And strips and ruins each unwary elf.—  
 Look here again! the doctor now appears,  
 His pompous wig envelopes both his ears;  
 Seize his fine cane to guarantee my pate,  
 And I will all his mummery relate.  
 Burn first his wig—this robs him of his strength;  
 Then make him write his nonsense at full length:  
 As Dalilah poor Sampson erst did shave,  
 Shave close this puffing, peruke-pated knave;  
 Condemn laud. liq. merc. dulc. and cort. peru.  
 Bid him prescribe a physic that is new:  
 If he refuse, then recipe the tote,  
 And, to a scruple, pour them down his throat:  
 Let to th' above succeed a copious sweat,  
 Then give him grains fifteen of tart. emet.  
 Shew him, that all his Speculation tends  
 To fill his purse, and poison all his friends.—

Observe the prince! his high despotic pow'r  
 Lives but the pageant of an idle hour!

E

His

His fottish pride (a sad, but nat'ral fault,  
 Oft met by cruel, base, and foul revolt  
 Of faithless subjects) hastens the decay  
 Of splendid empires, and the sceptre's sway.  
 Oft to our ears, in doleful accents, brings  
 The shocking shrieks of agonizing kings!  
 Bad Speculation in that prince this shews,  
 Who wants a medium, and no medium knows.—  
 From palace-prison'd kings, we next attend  
 Those that at court in adoration bend;  
 Who to the throne smooth adulation give,  
 And in the scorch of regal sunshine live;  
 Statesmen, on whose precarious essence swings  
 The fate of kingdoms, and the doom of kings:  
 These grand machines by Speculation thrive,  
 And by their genius keep themselves alive!  
 Would you their trade, their Speculation guess,  
 Take from my theme its leading letter S.



**O D E**  
**TO THE**  
**MOON, AT HER RISING:**

DEDICATED, WITH INFINITE RESPECT, TO A

**CHORUS** of excellent **VIRGINS;**

**V I Z.**

Miss **COPE**S, Miss **FOXCROFT**S, and Miss **BECHER**, of Nottinghamshire.

*Dianam teneræ dicite Virgines.*

**HOR.**

**I.**

**N**OW has the night her crimson carpet spread,  
And proud Hyperion from the world withdraws,  
Hush'd is each breeze! each cloud is fled!  
The world is mute—and nature seems to pause!

**E 2**

From

From Fefole the fage espies ;  
 Beyond Tidore, thee, Goddeſs, riſe !  
 Views thee emerging from thoſe bliſſful vales,  
 Where Ternate breathes his aromatic gales ;  
 And ſees thee bend thy orient, rapid flight,  
 In all the majeſty of light !  
 To plains, Aſtarte, where thy altars ſmoak,  
 And where, with vows, thy name Sidonian maids invoke !

## II.

High up the æthereal, blue expanſe,  
 In ſilver radiance now thy axles roll ;  
 Near thee, eccentric comets glance,  
 And meteors blaze from Pole to Pole !  
 Glow round thee conſtellations bright,  
 And planets deluged in thy light !  
 And diſtant ſuns, whoſe ſcintillating \* beams  
 Fall upon earth in glimmering ſtreams.—

\* The ſcintillation of thoſe ſtars, which we ſuppoſe to be the ſuns of other ſyſtems, is accounted for by all the aſtronomers.



Obscur'd by thee, the empyrean sheen  
 Yields to its silver-quiver'd Queen.  
 At thy approach night quits her ebon throne,  
 To dress in robes of light, and splendor not her own.

III.

We bow to Sol's imperial sway,  
 We grateful feel his vivifying gleams,  
 Yet not for us alone he shoots each ray,  
 O'er other worlds his golden deluge streams:  
 But thee, chaste Dian, thee alone,  
 With shouts of joy we call our own!  
 Nothing from us diverts thy watchful eye,  
 For thou dost Erebus defy;  
 And him in Stygian shades detain,  
 Till Lok \* has burst his ten-fold adamant chain!—

\* For an account of Lok, vide Northern Antiquities, published in 1770.

The sun has more planets than ours to enlighten; but the moon is a constant satellite to our earth, and always keeps her enlightened side towards us, by her motion upon her own axis.

## IV.

Refulgent Queen of Night, to thee,  
 To thee we call sweet Deity!  
 Oh! may thy lucid orb nor wane,  
 And ever in thy nitid train  
 May we bright Hesper see!  
 Whilst Io-Peans through the skies,  
 To thy beardless \* brother rise;  
 Tender maids, and youths as gay,  
 In homage which to thee belongs,  
 Shall in thy temples as they pray,  
 Raise to thee their choral songs;  
 Such as of yore, when to thy sacred shrine  
 Proud Latium's sons their solemn offerings sent,  
 Shook Algidus, or steepy Aventine,  
 To save their progeny and empire bent.  
 So let thy wrath 'gainst Britain's foes be hurl'd,  
 That she, like Rome, become the terror of the world.

\* For an explanation of this, vide Carmen Seculare of Horace, in one part of which Apollo is said to be intonsus, or beardless.



## V.

Pale Goddess of the potent spell,  
 Earth, air, and sea confess thy pow'r!  
 Witchcraft invokes with hideous yell,  
 Thee at the awful midnight hour!  
 When from thy limbs the vap'rous\* drop descends,  
 This in her charm the forcerefs blends;  
 With this allures the obsequious spright,  
 To drink the sickly dews of night:  
 When the sad Hyads in thy train appear,  
 Whose tears pervade earth's atmosphere,  
 Lo! dædal Iris from her painted towers,  
 Flings her prismatic tiffue o'er their showers;  
 Whilst fire-ey'd phrensy joins the subject throng,  
 Where moody madness foams along.  
 And when thou wav'st thy magic wand,  
 Old ocean lags at thy command;  
 Or on his billowy mountains rides,  
 And pours along his shores the roaring, yesty tides!

\* The hints here are borrowed from Horace, satire 8; and Hecate's speech in Macbeth, act 3, scene 5, in which the word vap'rous occurs.

## VI.

Now in thy temples Queen of Night!  
 When o'er the world thou spread'st thy silver veil,  
 Chaste like thee, and rob'd in white,  
 Thee the blushing Virgins hail!  
 Whilst their golden harps they swing,  
 And to the skies their votive anthems raise,  
 Devotion glows on every string,  
 And strains melodious swell from praise to praise!  
 Sent from the temple of the Sun,  
 To grace thy tuneful band,  
 Deck'd in the laurels she hath won,  
 See vocal Seward\* stand.—  
 Smit with my theme, again she catch'd the lyre,  
 And soaring up the fiery concave sings,  
 In hymns to thee she sweeps the trembling wire,  
 And at thy sapphire throne she waves her seraph wings!

\* Miss Seward, alluded to in this stanza, won the prize at Bath, by her elegant Ode to the Sun.



# M O N O D Y,

WRITTEN AT

## M A T L O C K B A T H,

AND DEDICATED WITH GREAT RESPECT TO

### THOMAS HALLET HODGES, Esq.

**M**ATLOCK, sweet chequer'd scene! each vale and  
hill,  
And huge embattled rocks, whose craggy sides,  
The flaunting shrubs, or gadding ivy hides;  
Whose rude mock-towers \*, like citadels, withstand  
In martial phalanx, Masson's giant band †;

\* Some of the rocks here alluded to, resemble the bastions of old castles..

† Masson, is a chain of stupendous rocks opposite to the above, over the river.

With solemn awe my ravish'd fancy fill!——  
 With awe profound, I view yon stately Torr\*,  
 Which tow'rds the north, his broad, bare bosom shews,  
 And braves the piping winds and driving snows;  
 Whilst Derwent laves his silver-fandal'd feet,  
 And to his echoes bids his torrents roar,  
 My crayons yield to imag'ry so sweet!

Now hid within thy weeping grotto's cell,  
 Where solitude and contemplation dwell;  
 Or in the umbrage of thy twilight grove†,  
 (Where shapeless sighs winnow the buxom air,  
 And notes of whispered anguish wake despair!  
 Whilst shadowy shapes of injured love-lorn maids,  
 Whose willow wreaths with flowers a wood nymph braids,  
 Thro' thy lone haunts abandon'd seem to rove)  
 “ I joy to shun the world's tumultuous throng.——

\* Alludes to the high Torr, at the foot of which the river dashes its surges.

† Alludes to the grove in which is the Lovers Walk.



Or to thy founts I stray\* (where oft is seen  
 Wanton amid the quire of naiads young,  
 Health like a dryad-maid in doublet green)  
 To revel in thy pure and abluent waves!  
 Nor shall thy streams pellucid yield the palm,  
 To that fam'd stream which proud Orense laves;  
 Nor Aken's calid source, with sulphur sheen,  
 So sacred are thy virtues dropping balm!

\* Alludes to the baths now much used, and recommended by the medical gentlemen. Orense and Aken are medical waters in Spain and Westphalia.

M O N O D Y,

LITERALLY WRITTEN AT

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

CASTLE AND CAVERNS UNDER IT\*.

**O** DOME! regardless of the whirlwind's rage,  
Firmly thou stand'st upon the dolorous face,  
Of hills sustain'd on adamantine base,

\* It is to be remarked, that there formerly stood a very ancient castle, upon or near the place on which the present castle stands, and that it was famous for the gallantries of Mortimer and Edward's Queen; near it was an hill, called Dolorous Hill, famous for a bloody battle fought between Albanact, &c. Vide Thoroton's Hist. Nott.

Where



Where whilom hoary rifted turrets stood,  
 Bulwarks of ancient dauntless hardihood,  
 Fam'd for achievements in a martial age.  
 —Hark! now I hear that paramour of old  
 Within thy caves, (where runic legend sings,  
 Echoed the shrieks of doughty, gasping kings,  
 And dismal groans from midnight murders vile)  
 Glozing the phantom of that harlot bold,  
 By courtly phrase and base infidious smile.  
 —Beneath my tread the yawning hollow ground  
 Profoundly breathes a dire sepulchral sound!  
 Lo! spectre shapes of barons fierce, and chiefs  
 Who nobly bled to slake some tyrant's thirst,  
 Appear, listening the horrid bray of war,  
 Flung to the western gales from hence afar\*,  
 Sad gestures speak unutterable griefs!  
 Dismay'd I turn—O welcome, pleasing scene!  
 Yon level meads by golden Trenta nur't,

\* Alludes to the war in America.

Becalm my soul, and leave my mind serene,  
Whilst on my sight the vivid prospects burst!  
Slow contemplation fits in rapture mute!  
O! would but monarchs woo this tranquil mood,  
Mercy with wreaths of palm wou'd braid their suit.  
Sweet peace might say, Bellona do thy worst,  
Still one kind tear is worth a sea of blood.

SONNET



S O N N E T

T O

S T A N F O R D H I L L,

UPON WHICH STANDS THE MANSION OF

CHARLES VERE DASHWOOD, Esq.

To whom this is most respectfully inscribed.

S TANFORD, thy cloud-capt dome! thy pine-clad hill!  
Thy flaunting shrubs—thy wood besprinkled lawn,  
Sweeter than Fancy's pencil e'er hath drawn!  
In concert with each murmuring rill,  
Which thy irriguous vale doth fill:  
Thy groves, thro' which at eve, the fay and fawn,  
Carol till morning spreads her purple dawn,—  
Thus bid my strains of gratitude distill—

O blest

O blest retreat ! beneath whose social roof,  
 Fair virtue dwells with dignity and ease  
 May firm fidelity here braid her woof,  
 And warm affection emulous to please,  
 Charge cold indifference e'er to keep aloof,  
 And pale solicitude may love appease.

SONNET



S O N N E T

T O T H E

Famous OLD OAK in NORWOOD PARK,

WRITTEN IN THE

D U S K O F E V E N I N G,

AND DEDICATED WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT TO

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, BARONET.

**W**RAPT in the vesture of the fable night,  
And cheer'd alone by contemplation's ray;  
To thee, Sire Oak, my solemn court I pay!  
As o'er thy top my fancy wings her flight,  
A thousand Druid-shapes burst on her sight!  
As she descries bedeck'd in white array,  
These haggard forms, by time, that wisard, grey,  
Her their quaint songs, and mystic rites affright!

G

Whilst

Whilst superstition sounds the dire alarms,  
 With golden hooks these grisly priests appear,  
 To prune thy hoary maturated arms,  
 And give thy milletoe to crown the year!  
 Well could I palliate to thee their harms,  
 Did not black human gore their hands besmear,

D U S K O F E V E N I N G

NOT MINDING WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT TO

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, BARONET.

W TRAPT in the venture of the lake night,

And cheer'd alone by contemplation's ray;

To thee, fair Oak, my solemn vows I pay!

As o'er thy top my fancy wings her flight,

A thousand Bird-laptes burst on her sight!

These haggard forms, by time, that wild, grey,

Her throat's deep songs, and mystic trees align!

SONNET



S O N N E T  
T O  
N O R W O O D P A R K,

FORMERLY THE  
MANSION of the AUTHOR'S GRANDFATHER.

**H**ERE, in the dawn of youth (when life's green blade  
Quickly maturing by thy genial fun)  
Just as my loco-motive powers begun,  
'Twas first my careless childhood play'd;  
A stranger then to sorrow's pungent smart.  
Now sweet remembrance traces back the round,  
In which I rang'd thy daisy-dappled ground,  
Or skipp'd with twinkling feet thy lawns athwart:

Or how with glee, I viewed the nested oak,  
And heard with young surprize the ravens croak \*,  
I feel the temper of my mind serene——  
Now, as in placid thought my fancy strays,  
Let me, O Norwood! tell thy dædal scene——  
That still it can revive those happier days!

\* The author is told, that the first object of his perceptions were the rooks and ravens in Norwood. He could have wished they had been swans, as then his taste for modulation and lyric poetry might have proved superior to the present specimens.

SONNET



S O N N E T

T O

S L E E P :

WRITTEN IN

S I C K N E S S.

**S**TRETCH'D on the thorny bed of woe I lie,  
Imploring Heaven to smooth, or end my care!  
Whilst sour adversity and pale despair,  
And screaming horror! with her piercing cry  
Arrest my heart with throbs of agony!  
Of agony, that faints—and pants for breath,  
And draws e'en sympathy from ruthless death,  
And iron-tears from inhumanity!

—Come

—Come then, sweet sleep! in downy pinions drest,  
 Softly descend, and mitigate my pain—  
 O! pour thy balm of poppies o'er my breast,  
 Banish my sorrows and their weeping train!  
 And bid Oblivion be my thoughtless guest,  
 Till my sad, murdered joys shall live again.

INVITATION



# INVITATION

FROM THE  
SHEPHERDS OF NEEDWOOD FOREST,  
TO THE  
SHEPHERDS OF DERBYSHIRE,

A N  
O D E:

INSCRIBED

With the most grateful Regard to F. MUNDY, Esq;

I.

COME ye young nymphs and shepherds all,  
Come with the dance or madrigal,  
And lightly trip in twilight ranks  
Over Needwood's lillied banks.

II. Trip

II.

Trip lightly o'er the fringed *Greaves*\*,  
All over carpets made of leaves,  
And foot it o'er the lawns and leas  
With the mincing Dryades.

III.

Still thro' woods and glades advance,  
With merry glee or jocund dance,  
And cheerly let the minstrels play,  
And charm each forest elf or fay.

IV.

Or loiter thro' the rosy hours,  
On Hillocks damask'd o'er with flowers,  
Or wind the silent vales along,  
And hear the love-lorn shepherds song.

\* The banks of the Forest of Needwood look down upon the river Dove, and over a large tract of Derbyshire. That part nearest Derby is called the Greaves.

V. Or



V.

Or hear the wood-larks swell their throats,  
And chant their sugar'd rural notes,  
Where Philomel at close of day,  
Chuckles his sweet, his amorous lay.

VI.

Then swiftly fly from noise and strife,  
And taste with us the country life,  
Nor mind the busy world a rush,  
But live with us near \* Holly Bush.

VII.

There reason, prudence, and content,  
Despising fordid merriment,  
Diffuse their pure congenial light,  
Thence all is natural and right.

\* Holly Bush was then the hunting-feat of Mr. Mundy.

## VIII.

There temperate meals of wholesome food,  
 And draughts which rubify the blood,  
 Quickening every finer sense,  
 Well guard the conscience from offence.

## IX.

There Morpheus with his sober train,  
 Keep their easy peaceful reign,  
 Ushering every swain to bed,  
 Ere riot raise his giddy head.

## X.

There Nature does disclose a scene,  
 Surpassing Rhodes or Mitylene;  
 Sweet Tempe, tho' by Flaccus famed,  
 With sweeter Needwood can't be named.

XI. There



XI.

There bowery dells and groves not fear,  
 Green perennial liveries wear;  
 Liveries green which never die,  
 True types of immortality.

XII.

Old Pan with such a sylvan crew,  
 As prankt Arcadia whilom knew,  
 Now live in constant rapture there,  
 And lengthen Summer thro' the year.

XIII.

Yet poets that the pitcher dip,  
 In Arathuse or Aganippe,  
 Oh! cease of Helicon to sing,  
 And come and taste of Needwood's spring.

XIV. Inspir'd

## XIV.

Inspir'd by this Dan M<sup>and</sup>\*y sings,  
 And Delia sweeps the trembling strings!  
 'Tis theirs with well availing art,  
 To mend and captivate the heart.

I could send you more poetry Mr. Roome, but, as I think you are already in possession of stuff enough, I must beg leave to withhold it from you, saving a poor ode, which I have now sent you, and this I value for one reason only, viz. that I could almost persuade myself that it might stimulate Mr. — to write one of the most delicious modern poems in our language, which I hope will some time or other make its public appearance.

F I N I S.





